

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY;

OR, PENITENCE AND PEACE.

ONE stormy afternoon in the month of February, two little boys were just going to put on their coats and caps and have a good frolic in the snow, when their mother said to them, "I cannot let you go out this afternoon; you have both got heavy colds, and I wish you to amuse yourselves as well as you can in the house." She gave them a good large room to play in, and said to them very pleasantly, for she was a kind, good mother, "Make yourselves happy; you may make any reasonable amount of noise, boys cannot help that, but do not quarrel, and do no mischief of any kind. Here are books, here is a chequer-board, there are battledores, two balls, jumping ropes, and all sorts of things to amuse you; now be good boys, and do not disturb me, for I expect

a friend to visit me this afternoon, with whom I wish to be alone, as she has something to say to me in private : here is an apple for each of you." The mother then closed the door and left the little boys to themselves.

They were merry little fellows, and thought that with so many things to amuse them, they should have a very pleasant afternoon. "Let us play at battledore and shuttlecock first," said Harry. Frank agreed, and now the white feathered shuttlecock is flying fast from one to the other, not without many falls on the way to be sure, but 'never mind, up again and take another,' is their motto. This game lasted many minutes ; at last Frank complained of bad balls, to which Harry replied, "I cannot do any better." Presently the ball does not go straight forward, but quite askew, and finally it rested on the window-seat. When Harry went for it he stopped a minute to look at the snow, as it hurried down from the clouds. He turned up his bright eyes and looked at it for a few minutes. "Come, Frank," he said, "let us look at the snow ; did you ever see such large flakes, see how they seem to chase each other down to the ground, as if they were playing ; how pretty and feathery they are ! Do you not remember father's telling us what the German nurses say to the children when it snows ? "

"No," said Frank, "some nonsense I suppose, for nurses always tell children nonsense stories of course."

"They tell them," replied Harry, "that the angels are making their beds, and that these are the feathers that shake out of them. Does n't the snow look like the down of birds ? Look far up, far as you can ; see that great big flake chasing the little ones ; see how the little

ones fly; the big one is like John Smith chasing the boys out of his stable yard. Down comes the grand fellow at last; see the wind has blown him on to the window-pane; how he spreads himself out; he looks like a dragon; see his long tail, and there's his great head: now he begins to melt; there goes his head; there goes his tail; he'll not chase the little flakes any more."

After awhile the boys got tired of looking at the snow, and began to play toss-ball, and then they jumped rope, and at last began to play chequers. After playing for sometime, Harry perceived that the fire wanted mending, and as his mother had directed that he alone, as he was the oldest, should attend to the fire, he got some coal to put on to it.

Now it unluckily popped into Frank's mind that he should like to tease Harry a little, for he was a little vexed to think that his mother had given his brother a privilege that she had denied him; so Frank took up a long stick, and just as Harry was stooping over the fire to poke it, and prepare it for the fresh coal, he poked him with his long stick.

"Be still, Frank," said Harry. Frank drew away the stick. Harry began again to poke the fire. Frank began again to poke him.

"Be still, Frank, I tell you." This was said in an angry tone. Frank quietly withdrew the stick.

Again Harry began to poke, and so again did Frank, only Frank poked Harry's back while Harry poked the fire.

"If you do that again," said Harry, "I will strike you with the poker."

Poor foolish Frank ! he could not give up the pleasure of poking Harry's back as he could not poke the fire. So as soon as the poker attacked the coals, away went the long stick into the middle of Harry's back.

Harry was as good as his word ; he struck Frank across the hand with the poker ; he did not strike hard, but the poker had now got hot, and took off the skin, and gave Frank such a sharp pain that he screamed lustily.

When the boys' mother heard the scream, she ran into the room to see what was the matter. Frank showed her his hand ; it looked badly.

"How came you to meddle with the fire ? " she said ; "I forbade you explicitly."

"I did not, mother. Harry struck me with the poker because I just touched him in play with a stick on his back."

Harry told the story just as it was, and then added, "I think, mother, that Frank has only got his deserts, and I do n't care if his hand does smart a little, he will not do so another time. He made me very mad."

Harry did, in fact, feel very sorry for Frank's pain, but he was too proud and too angry to confess he had done wrong, and he was very apt to defend himself and say those bad words 'I do n't care,' when he was blamed, and persist a long while in his fault. The pain of Frank's hand was so great that though he was a manly boy the tears would flow for awhile, but after his mother had dressed it nicely, and it began to feel a little better, he said, "Mother, do not blame Harry, for I did provoke him very much, and he gave me warning. The truth is, I was vexed that I could not touch the fire, and

so I took my revenge half in fun and half in earnest, but I am very sorry for it, and I do n't know but I am rightly served, though it is rather cross and unkind in Harry to say so, I think."

"Are you not sorry for what you did, Harry?" asked his mother.

"I did not think of burning Frank," replied Harry, "but I should not have cared for hurting him a little; I dare say I should do the same thing again if Frank were to tease me so again. I guess his hand will soon be well, but he did not get much more than his deserts."

Frank turned away his face lest Harry should see the tears that these words brought into his eyes. He said nothing, but he looked very sober. Harry did not in his heart feel very happy, but he made an effort to drive away his feelings, and began to play toss-ball by himself.

After tea, when their mother's friend was gone, Frank asked his mother to tell them a story. "I will, for your sake," said his mother, "to please you; but Harry has no right to ask for any pleasure, for he is not sorry for his unkindness to you."

"Oh yes he is, mother, I dare say; do tell us a story," said Frank.

After a few moments his mother began as follows:—
"Once upon a time there were three little birds, two brothers and a sister, living together in the same tree. Their mother had taught them to fly and how to get their own living, and then she and their father had left them, to take care of themselves. The beautiful tree, in which they lived, was as pretty and comfortable a house as any little birds could desire. The branches were so thick that when it rained they could all cuddle down to-

gether under the leaves, and not a drop could touch them. Indeed they enjoyed a storm, for they loved to be rocked backwards and forwards by the winds, and to hear the big drops pattering on the leaves.

The two brothers loved their sister as much as brothers can and ought to love a good sister. They were never quite happy without her. When they went to roost for the night, they would insist upon having her between them, and there she always loved to be. One of the little birds was called Thoughtful, the other Careless, and the sister's name was Peace. How happy these birds were ! Careless was a merry fellow ; he loved to get upon the very topmost branch of a tree, and clasp his little claws round the smallest stem he could find, and swing backwards and forwards and sing as if he would split his throat ; then he would fly after Thoughtful who would be perched quietly on a beautiful sweetbriar below, and insist upon a chase with him, and Thoughtful was so kind, that he almost always humored his brother, and frolicked with him.

Peace would follow after her brothers in her quiet way like a gentle spirit as she was, and shared all their gambols ; and after they had done playing, and the pleasant day was at an end, she would take the lead in their evening song, and her sweet voice was the last, as well as the first you heard both evening and morning.

Sometimes however these little birds would be foolish enough to quarrel with each other. This disturbed their sister greatly, and she would always speak kindly to them, and sing some sweet song to quiet them. Thoughtful would always listen to her, and then he would not mind anything that Careless said, and as it takes two to

make a quarrel, all went well, and Peace was contented and placed herself again happily and proudly between her two brothers whom she loved dearly. If they did not listen to her, she flew away, and left them, and did not come back again till they were friends.

While the birds were very small, their quarrels were so short that before their sister had flown far away they were friends again, and in a moment Peace knew it and was by their side. But as these little birds grew older their passions grew stronger, and one day they quarrelled so badly that their poor sister could not stay with them, and she flew frightened far, far away from her unhappy brothers. Night came, and there was no sweet Peace to nestle down softly between them. Poor Thoughtful! how unhappy he was, but Careless said he did not care, and pretended to go to sleep, but in his heart he mourned at his dear sister's absence.

Early in the morning, at the first streak of light, just as the glorious morning star began to veil his beautiful face at the sight of the rising sun, Thoughtful went in search of his dear sister Peace. He still felt a little angry with his brother, so he could not find Peace. He flew hither and thither, he went everywhere, he could not find her. At last, wearied and spent, he stopped by the way to see a cousin of his, of whom his mother had told them before she left them, and advised them if they were in trouble to go to her. She was a retired, melancholy bird; her plumage was of a very dull color, but her eye was bright and beautiful. Her note was mournful till she was near the end of her song, and then she made such a delicious trill that it penetrated your heart to hear her.

Thoughtful addressed her in these words: 'Dear cousin, our sister Peace has left us, and I am very unhappy; all day long I have sought her, and I cannot find her; have you seen her? can you tell me where she is? My wings are weary and my heart is heavy.'

'I can lead you to her, and I alone,' said the serious bird, 'but you must first do as I bid you.'

'I will do anything,' said Thoughtful, 'to find my dear sister again.'

'Go find your brother, tell him you have done wrong, be very patient with him when he speaks unkindly to you, and do not leave him till you bring him to me, to his cousin, who you can tell him is called Penitence, and who lives in the cypress tree that leans over the brook of tears, which flows into the river of gladness. You will find him at my foolish sister Self-Love's, where he in vain seeks for his lost sister Peace.'

Swift as an arrow away flew Thoughtful to find his brother. As Penitence had informed him, he was with his cousin Self-Love. There they were cooing and billing and making much of each other. But Thoughtful was determined to be patient with him. 'Dear Careless,' said he, 'if you will come with me, we can find our sister Peace. I have found some one who says she can tell us where she is and lead us to her. Come with me, dear brother, and forgive me for the pain I have given you. I was very wrong. Come, Careless, come quickly.'

'Who is this person that knows so much?' said Careless.

'It is our cousin Penitence, who lives in the cypress tree that leans over the brook of tears, that flows into the

river of gladness. She alone, she says, can lead us to our sister.'

'I don't like her name,' said Careless, 'nor the tree she lives in, nor that mournful brook that goes gurgle, gurgle, gurgle from morning till night and all night long; and as for the river of gladness, my gay cousin and I know more of that than she does, tell her. Besides this, I think our sister Peace has too good taste to leave us long for such a grumbling crone as cousin Penitence is, speaking through her nose and singing the tune that the old cow died of forever.'

'Dear brother,' said Thoughtful, 'you are very, very wrong; you are unjust to our cousin; at first she does seem a little disagreeable, I confess; but after you have looked in her face for awhile, there is something heavenly in its expression, and a part of her song is so beautiful that I mean to learn it by heart.'

'This is it,' said Careless, and sung a long doleful, ridiculous note that made Self-Love laugh, but Thoughtful was only sorry. 'Shall I leave you,' said he, 'and tell our cousin Penitence that you do not want her aid in searching for our sister Peace?'

'Tell her,' said Careless, 'that her sister Self-Love whom she so entirely neglects has promised me that she will show me our foolish sister's hiding-place and help bring her back.'

Thoughtful returned sorrowfully to Penitence, and told her of his failure in his efforts to bring his brother with him. 'Stay quietly here,' said his cousin, 'and leave your brother to himself; he will come at last to find you and his sister Peace, even though he should be forced to seek you in my solemn and as he thinks gloomy retreat.'

Poor Careless ! before the day was over he got wearied of Self-Love, she was so vain, so fickle, and kept up such a perpetual simper. He detected her in rubbing paint upon her feathers, and she was always running to every little bit of water to look at herself in it. This disgusted him. But more than all, he found that she had deceived him when she said she would show him where Peace had hidden herself, for she was obliged to confess to him that she knew nothing of her. Careless, however, accepted her invitation to roost that night in her tree, which was a large American thorn-bush. But what a night the poor fellow passed ! Self-Love could never go to sleep. She was flying from one part of the bush to the other, and then as she moved in the dark, the thorns would scratch her, and she would scream, and poor Careless who had taken his place in the top branch under a bunch of leaves, could get no sleep ; he was tired and really vexed with her. In the morning she began again her tiresome song, which he now noticed had but just one note in it. This was too much for Careless who had been in the habit of listening to the varied sweetness of the morning song of Thoughtful and Peace ; he stretched out his wings and flew far away, and left Self-Love to fidget by herself. 'I will,' he sang as he flew, 'I will go seek my brother Thoughtful, and I will not rest till I have found my sweet sister Peace.'

Thoughtful had not slept ; he was grieved for his brother, and early in the morning he began to sing the song he knew Careless loved, as loud as he could, hoping Careless might hear him ; his little throat almost burst he sang so loud. Careless did hear it as he was soaring high up in the air, looking down for the home of his

cousin Penitence, for there he knew was his brother Thoughtful. He saw the cypress tree, and the little brook of tears, and he heard his brother's well known voice. In a moment he closed his wings and flew down softly as a flake of snow close by his brother's side and nestled up to him. How happy they both were now! In a moment they heard from a neighboring tree their sister's gentle voice, singing so softly, so sweetly, and in another she was again between them nestling her head in their bosoms.

The brook made pleasant music now; even Careless liked its gurgle, gurgle, and they followed its windings and found that what Penitence said was true, that it flowed into the river of gladness. Penitence went part way home with them, and when they separated, she gave them her blessing."

The boys did not speak for a short time after their mother finished; but when they kissed her and said good night, they both looked and felt as if they too had stood by the brook of tears and found the way to the river of gladness, and that sweet Peace had again made its home in their hearts, and would nestle down between them when they went to sleep.

E. L. F.

HE, who despises the great, is condemned to honor the little: and he who is in love with trifles, can have no taste for the great.—*Lavater's Aphorisms.*

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE
LECTURE OF MR. AGASSIZ

ON SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6.

BEFORE yon distant peaks had shown,
With ruddy glow, that morn was near,
We left the glacier's dull *moraine*
For nobler heights — and we are here !

The yawning fissure, broad and deep,
We passed, by its frail bridge of snow ; —
By toilsome march and daring leap,
Ice-plains and rocks we 've left below.

Our toil is o'er ! the ascent is won !
The silent " snow-fields " round us lie ; —
Vast as the sea, but fixed and still,
The pure snow meets the pure blue sky.

Now look below, and rest thine eye
(Dazzled by Nature's crown of light)
Where wooded slopes and quiet vales
With varied green refresh the sight.

And see, the gentle chamois comes,
In her soft eye no fear of thee.
Receive the rustic faith ; — she knows
Thy hand from murderous weapons free.

This frozen desert's calm sublime, —
The fresh life bounding far above, —
In silence write upon my soul
A Sovereign's power, a Father's love.

s.

FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

SOME of the readers of the *Child's Friend* may remember in one of its numbers, an article called "How to have a pleasure," and they may recollect the way that was there proposed to them for this object.

I will suppose that they followed the advice that was there given, and that their hearts grew warm under the influence of giving something of their own to make happier another person. I can imagine, as I think of such an act, the secret satisfaction that would come to the heart that had in this way opened itself to this sunshine of life, this doing good, even in the smallest way.

It has occurred to me, that while young people are going to school, and learning all sorts of things, and all sorts of languages, cultivating their understandings, and storing away a great deal in their heads, that they could at the same time, be cultivating their hearts, and so bring out some of this sunshine of life, and make their days pass more beautifully; and while they are growing up to be men and women, not waiting till that time comes, before they do any kind acts, or help those who are in want. All young people must have observed that every body does not live to grow up; that some are called away very early, before they have had time to do much in the great world in which they are placed; they must remember that if they are not industrious they will hardly be able to collect any of the flowers in the garden of life, before the sun will set, and hide them from their eyes.

I would count as flowers in the garden of life any act that sends from the face a tear, and brings in its place a smile ; any act that covers with a warm garment a shivering child ; that gives food to one who had not tasted it for a whole day ; that helps the poor prisoner to a home, after he has left his solitary cell, when he had repented of his crime, and so takes away his temptation to act over again the same crimes which he is led to do when there is no one to take him by the hand, and help him to get an honest livelihood ; and would it not be a flower in the garden of life, to do any thing to help break the chains of the poor slave, that they may taste of the freedom which God meant for all his children ?

All these good works cannot be done at once, but we can all be doing something to help them on ; and why should not the young be so engaged ? Why should not their pure hands be allowed to gather some of these flowers ?

We will take for instance one of these good works ; the helping the prisoner when he leaves his prison, and comes again into the world. Young people know what it is to do wrong, to be penitent, and then be received back again to the arms of their parents, and there find a home. Cannot they feel for the poor criminal who is shut away into a strange building, where, in a lonely, narrow room, there is no human eye to watch him, no human heart ready to see the first tear of repentance, and take him back to his home, and help his new-born virtue to grow strong ; no one to encourage his fainting heart, and show him the better way, and help him to see the hatefulness of wrong-doing ?

There are many good people now very busy in find-

ing out the best way to help these criminals when they leave their prisons. They want to raise money to enable them to board these poor creatures till they shall find occupation for them, and give them a home while they are recovering from the ill health occasioned by their confinement, that they may support themselves or their families.

I believe there is hardly any young person who reads the *Child's Friend*, who could not do something towards raising money for this object ; no matter how small the sum, it will do good as far as it goes ; they must remember that cents make up dollars, that the cents come first, and no dollar is complete without it has in it the hundred cents which help to make it up. Those who go to the same school love to play together, study together, and talk together. They are apt to have secrets, and plans, and various ways of passing their leisure moments which spring from their active minds that must be always employed. I never heard their secrets, but how pleasant it would be to know that the two heads which are so closely united as to look like one, were devising ways and means, by which they could do something to help those who were in want of help, that they were forming some plan by which they could save from their abundance ; some mode of economy for raising a sum, however small, either for the prisoner's friend, or for some family who they knew would be grateful for the smallest help, or for the increase of the little sum which was to be spent at the Anti-Slavery Fair. I should only want to look at such, to know that they were the gatherers of these flowers in the garden of life ; I should see there, the beautiful sunshine that follows such thoughts.

If a whole school were of the same mind upon these subjects, how much they might accomplish. I would not have them take time from their studies, or their healthful exercise; but there are many moments when, if such plans were in the heart, the way to accomplish them would always be found. At all events, either girls or boys who had such objects to think of, would be saved from growing selfish; in their feeling for others, they would forget their own petty trials; they would be saved from much disputing about nothing; while seeking for these flowers, they would be saved from the growth of rank weeds in their own minds, which in after life will cost them many tears and much pain to pull up.

I have known some young people who have never thought of these things, who have never asked what they could do for another, who have grown up with the idea that they themselves were the only persons to think of, and in consequence of this, have been discontented, unhappy beings, and not doing any of the work which God meant they should do, and which Christ taught they must do if they wished to be in the kingdom of heaven, have come to doubt whether there was any heaven.

A young or old person who has this love in his heart which shall make him willing to make sacrifices that he may benefit another, has already learnt something of heaven, and can never doubt that the Being who gave this love which grows with its use will watch over his child in this life and the life to come.

S. C. C.

CASABIANCA.

DID you ever hear the story of that noble little French boy, Casabianca, who died because he would not disobey his father? Perhaps you have, and perhaps not. I will tell it to you, because, even if you have, I am sure you will not be sorry to hear so beautiful a story again. We cannot hear of good and noble actions too often.

Casabianca was the son of a Frenchman, who commanded a ship of war called the *Orient*. This vessel was once engaged in a dreadful battle when Casabianca was on board, with his father. The latter being obliged to go below for a moment, told his son not to stir from the place where he left him, until he should call him. Passing across the deck, a ball from the enemy's ship, struck the captain, and he died instantly. Casabianca, ignorant of his father's death, remained at his post, when suddenly a cry of 'fire' startled him, and looking round he beheld the vessel in flames. He called to his father, but no answer came. Again he called out in agony for leave to fly; that voice which ever before heard his slightest call, was now deaf to his child's shriek. The fire was fast consuming the sinking vessel, the sailors besought Casabianca to put off with them in the boats. But in vain, "he would not go without his father's word." The flames rushed on in resistless fury, and the noble boy was seen no more! Noble indeed! He would rather die than live to be disobedient.

An English lady who wrote a great deal of poetry,

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has written this story in that way. If you have not read the poem, I hope you will, it is so beautiful. It begins,

“The boy stood on the burning deck,”

In the last part, after telling how many “masts and helms, and pennons fair” were destroyed in that fearful fire, the poetess adds,

“But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young and faithful heart.”

How beautifully true that is! Is not a true, obedient heart more noble than the greatest thing ever made by man? But did that “young, faithful heart” perish? No, we are sure that it did not, that good boy joined the father he had so loved and obeyed on earth, and lives still with him, and with his Heavenly Father. We hear often of people who are rewarded for goodness here. And was not young Casabianca most amply and beautifully rewarded for his faithfulness? God, his Father, took him to himself.

Dear children, you will never, probably, be called upon to sacrifice your lives in obedience to your parents, as Casabianca did, but yet, is not his conduct an example to you? The daily sacrifice of your feelings and wishes, the daily control of your passions; the daily exercise of kindness and tender affection *are* required of you, in honor of, and obedience to your parents, and these, apparently trifling duties, are in reality more difficult, uniformly to perform, than any one great act of heroic sacrifice. And they are more important, too, to the happiness of life, for while one of these great occasions may not come once in a lifetime, these little duties and trials occur daily and hourly. Be then ever ready

to perform these small duties. Do not content yourselves with thinking that you will surely be strong in some great obedience, but accustom yourself to constant obedience in small things, for thus only you can be prepared for great emergencies. A.

A GERMAN PHANTASY.

ABRIDGED AND TRANSLATED FROM C. HERLOTZSOHN.

"It was again Silvester night, (the last of the year) dark and gloomy. I sate in my feebly lighted apartment, took up my memorandum book, turned over the leaves, and lingered over the dried flowers which a loved hand had given. Just now however, I did not wish to remain within the house, but to go abroad. 'Let me breathe the fresh air,' I said. Cold blew the wind over the dazzling snow-drifts. Five years ago, I recollected, my brother was shot at Prevesa, and eleven years since, I was standing, scarcely then a stripling, at my mother's dying bed, and counted the first stroke of the clock announcing the commencement of the new year, at the moment when the last breath issued from her dying lips. And to-night—but away with drooping sadness! December's frost threatens to convert the starting tear into an ice pearl; the night wind blows the snow flakes against my cheeks, and the crust crackles beneath my feet, just as it did *that* night, when for the last time I ran after the doctor, and he said to me in a grave, decided tone, 'I have told you already that all is in vain; it is of

no use for me to go into the bitter cold for nothing. Good night, good night!' Did he expect me to sleep and have a good night, when my dearest, best mother was breathing her last?

But all that is over, past, is past; I will walk about to-night; would that it were not Silvester night! I will amuse myself, collect and fish up ideas, refresh my inner man, and delineate pictures for my friend.

How empty the city is, and yet how lively! Those tall houses on the left, almost all of them are illuminated. The poorer sort of the children of men, empty handed or laden, fast or slow, straight or crooked, are shuffling, creeping or plodding through the streets, while the old year has gone past them in their weariness or their haste. The glimmer of candles shines from the public houses; music too, sounds, with wild revelry, as if saying, 'How glad I am; thank heaven, that another year is again behind me!'

There on the left, the high windows of the first story are lighted; the waxen tapers shine with a magic brightness through the rose-colored silk curtains; the music, it is only stringed instruments; but it floats and warbles so sweetly, it comes down so softened, that it breathes into me a southern warmth, though the biting frost on my cheeks keenly reminds me again of northern cold. I will draw nearer, perhaps I shall discover the purpose of the music, and be able to form a hasty sketch of the sort of merriment which it accompanies. But how is this? that first window is less brightly illuminated than the others, it seems to open; no, it is only the curtain lifted up and down; the head of a beautiful young girl is put forward and presents a fair face at the window

glass. The banker Reichman lives here, and this is his daughter, the prime beauty of the city. Is her young life all in a glow with the exercise of dancing, and does she find she can breathe more freely at the cooling window pane? No, again; her eyes, if mine do not deceive me, are directed towards the third story of the house immediately opposite, where a man's dark head is stooping forward from the open window. It is a private signal, a mournful instant of communion. Poor, timid, ever blundering Love, here too thou art playing thy game. On one side, the daughter of the millionaire, on the other, the youth of low degree; poor he must be, for wealth does not mount up to the third story; and even were he not poor, his birth does not admit him to the banker's brilliant fête. Secret affection has here dedicated to him one moment's consolation; the maiden has stolen away from the whirling cotillon, perhaps the time was appointed by mutual agreement; she would once more in this year turn on him a gentle, soothing glance of affection, that it may shine on him through the night which divides the old and new year, and then become his star of hope for the future. Poor souls! before the great wheel of time shall have swung round again, your faded blossoms may have been laid away with tears, and ye may have learned — because compelled — to renounce the hopes you are now planting, of which perhaps not one will spring up. Still, ye will have enjoyed your dream, and there is no wound for which time does not furnish a healing balsam. So lay thee down, poor youth, and slumber through the beggarly remnant of the year; and thou, fair maiden, with thine ebon locks and band of silver twined among them,

whirl round again in the giddy dance of joy. With the first beam of day retire to thy bed, there thou must sleep through many a lovely maiden dream. Now she seems to nod to him; she presses her finger to her lips; it is a 'good night' salutation. I wrap myself closer in my cloak and proceed.

I have turned a corner. At the door of a house sits a boy, trembling with cold, and weeping. Poor child! I stand still. I stoop down to him. The wind whistles so cold here, just round the corner from the market place — to the right and left are some low ale-houses, where is wild carousing; though apparently the merriment has not oil enough to blaze with, nor voice enough to express gladness.

'What are you crying for, little one?'

'I am waiting here for my parents, they have been gone so long!'

'Where are your parents?'

'At the Swan tavern, keeping the Silvester feast.'

'And have they left you all alone?'

'My little sister Anna is up stairs; she has been crying and fretting above an hour, and I could not bear it any longer.'

'But why did not your parents take both of you with them?'

'Because they charge at the Swan six groschen a plate, besides being paid separately for children; and father had only one dollar.'

'And yet went to the feast! but tell me, my child, did not your mother leave something behind for you to eat?'

'She left me some bread and butter, and my sister a

piece of cake, but I ate both, because I was hungry, and little Anna was still asleep.'

'Anna however will now cry even more, since you have left her, and she may come to harm.'

'Ah!'

'And your parents will come no sooner for your sitting here in the cold, than if you stayed up in the chamber and comforted little Anna. Here is something for you; go quickly to the baker's, up the street, and buy cakes for you and your sister; then go up stairs directly, and when your parents come home in the morning, tell them that I wish them a happy new year, and that I did *not* go to the feast, though I had no children.'

I left the boy, who went for his cakes in triumph, and walked on.

I stand before a window in a basement story on the left side of the street. The curtain is indeed down, but upon one side, it is so far raised, that I can look in and see a fair angel child, scarcely fifteen, who is sitting at a table before the window, diligently embroidering a gold purse. The light burns clearly before her. She rapidly takes up the beads, and her beautiful eyes with their long lashes continue to rest fixedly upon her work. At the same time how fluttering and restless she is! How often she looks towards the door, afraid, beyond a doubt, of being surprised. Is it for a lover? No; it must rather be a new-year's present for a father. And she is fearful that he may come home too soon and catch her at her secret employment. He was probably invited out; she has perhaps pretended a headache, in order to finish the work. Yes, it is designed for the father; for

on the left, just above the sofa, there is the portrait of a grave, manly countenance, encircled with a wreath; and in the clear, pure, tender look of the fascinating little miss, I read only filial affection. Thou pious, noble, loving daughter! beautifully hast thou ended the old year in blessing thy father. The morning comes to meet thee with its pleasant festival. Love and joy repose on thy bosom, and the happy tear of a parent falls on thy cheek. Willingly would I penetrate through the curtain and clasp thee, gentle one, to this pensively happy breast, whose devotion thou hast kindled. But no. Disturb not her heavenly peace; be content with imploring the angels above, to scatter the fairest flowers in the path of this sweet, pious maiden.

Here burns a lamp more faintly; a fair, pale woman is sitting by a cradle, and bows down her head over the panting infant, around whom the wings of death are already rustling. The child chokes and rattles, and the mother wrings her hands; once more he opens his languid eyes and looks into his mother's face, while her tears fall on him. 'Merciful God! must it then be?' she groans from her anxious heart. The boy opens his mouth and closes it; his eye-lids shut down; every feature becomes motionless. The clock strikes eleven; he has finished. There lies the dead like a marble statue.

She throws herself on the little body; she presses her mouth to the cold lips in despair, and breathes into them her own breath. Oh, the boundless depth of a mother's love! Vain. The old year must have its victim. 'Why wert thou born, my Willie, if thou must die so soon? Poor, poor flower! Almighty God! This year gave

thee, and this year has taken thee away. Oh, my only child!’ There stands that fair, pale woman, with her dishevelled, raven locks—stupified, she looks down on the body—her breath seems to stand still; now she gasps, ‘My only Willie, I am now again alone.’

Poor mother! Thou buriest this year thy dearest flower; that which thou hadst fastened on thy bosom; and the new year is saluted with thy tears. Now again the anguish returns, gathering up its giant strength; again she sinks upon the body; but murmurs, ‘The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and let his name be b——;’ her voice breaks. I tear myself away with a bleeding heart and proceed.

How short, how short is life! Often the new-born infant scarcely has time to drop the tear with which he salutes this world on entering it, before death claims him for his prey. He cannot even stammer out the question, ‘Wherefore?’ and are we not all, each one for himself, obliged to ask, wherefore?

I have now reached the church of St. Stephen. The dark building towers up into the gray night sky. The high pointed windows are dimly seen; all is obscure and black, no light appears; the fabric stands forth like a grim giant among the little house-children, which for the most part twinkle and glitter in merry brightness. Only high up, in the steeple, two hundred feet or more, there is a light in the ringer’s window; and here below, in a side chapel, at the window of the grave-digger’s apartment. What thou art doing above, airy man, neighbor to the clouds, looking out on the coming hours, I cannot see. Thou art the trumpet-angel of the departing round

of time. Thy clear bell-clang bursts the bars of the new year, and permits its tones to swell forth long and sadly with those of the old one. Ah! bells know how to utter a solemn, deeply meaning language.

But I will look in at the grave-digger's window. He is nearer to the ground and his calling; for his dwelling joins on the church-yard. The man is sitting at a table with his aged dame. A flask of wine shines in front of him; he is reading his account book. I dislike his dark, lean visage; can it be, that his business leaves its gloomy impress on his face?

He looks authoritative, as if summing up the muster-roll of a regiment, a field-marshal in the realm of Death. His wife is an aged crone in a white head-dress; she sits, now scrutinizing his face, and then the book; she softly pushes the glass towards him.

'Anna,' says the man, and looks up; 'this year has done pretty well. Thank heaven! so many never died before — good respectable people, too, apart from the beggarly rabble. For my part, I do not know what people live for, if they cannot afford to pay for dying.'

The wife nodded in assent, till her cap-border flapped on her nose; he pursued his reckoning, 'five hundred and seven dollars, sixteen pence, clear. Thank heaven, we do not need so much; it leaves a pretty sum to be laid by.'

'But, old man,' interrupted the wife, 'you forget that at new year we must pay down two hundred and fifty dollars for our Harry's learning.'

'Ah, ah!' said the man, phlegmatically, taking up his glass, 'God will help him, he ought to live.'

'Who ought to live?' asked the woman, in a fright, 'what are you talking about, husband?'

‘Why, Dr. Wall-baum, I say, ought to live. He has despatched ninety-nine patients, this year, and yet remains the most celebrated physician in the city. If all of them were as diligent as he, we should be able to purchase the little tavern fronting the sheep-gate.’ I strode on, suppressing the bitter words that rose to my tongue; for the man was only intent on getting a living.

I was chilled with the frost, and confused with the whirl of impressions. My body needed to be warmed. a coffee-house was still lighted in the market-place; I went in and called for something warming. A pretty blonde maiden placed some hot drink on the little table and tottered back to her seat, yawning with half-open eyes, under the most oppressive weariness; for tiresome enough it had been to-day, to stand before the counter without a single customer; when at common times the young beaux were accustomed by twelves and twenties, to say pretty things to her.

The wine had so revived me, that I now walked at a quick pace through the streets, and soon stood again before the window of the sweet young girl. There she stood, her tall, youthful figure in front of the table. She inclines her face with a beaming smile; she is contemplating her finished work, and a heavenly happiness appears to her to be budding from it. She has not then, been interrupted. One more look, then — hush — the work is hidden. Sleep well, fair Vision! to-night thou mayest. May dreams of beauty rock thy slumbers, and sweetest realities awaken thee!

On I go, restless. Half the night is already past. I

am collecting pictures to contemplate for a year to come. Fronting Rose-gate, how dark and solemn stands the forest! beneath, a white carpet; above, the tall trees like naked figures; the pines and firs have put on white night-caps. Yonder, the ice cracks and rattles in the stream. The sky is of a silvery whiteness, through which the stars glisten. That great black building yonder, is the property of the city. In the last war it served as a hospital, whither those who had escaped from the battle-field were trundled. How many hundreds expired there, in the long woeful night! Could those walls only speak, what dismal scenes would they describe! but is it not all the same when, and where, the human heart breaks? Oh say not so! The very air over that place breathes heavily. Sleep soundly! Rich offerings to the grave! In regard to the most of you, neither your country nor your friends know that you are gone. The affection of multitudes was probably exempted from learning the sad tidings and particulars of your fate.

Opposite, far in among the trees, is a Swiss hut, whither the fashionable world repair for recreation in the early morning and at evening. There is no more agreeable spot in the neighborhood of the city.

Now I pass a number of drinking houses; some, filled with respectable citizens,* some with men and women, others with students; there is nothing remarkable among them. Here, however, is a beggars' alehouse. Shall I enter; may I venture in? Yes, night-wanderer, thou must see all.

* Our young readers must bear in mind, in these frequent allusions to drinking, that they are reading a description of *foreign* morals and manners.

A low, narrow room, full of smoke and obscurity; the whole so crowded, that I can scarcely find a place. Here thou mayest see vulgarity and crime, baseness and stupidity, in all their hues. In my gray cloak, I am taken for one of the better sort of beggars, who visit houses and counting-rooms. It is well that they suppose me to be one of themselves; otherwise, they would be under restraint. An old woman directly opposite to me, with a red face, and in dirty tatters, asks another, sitting over against her, who is taking snuff, 'where her station is now?'

'At the Augustine church,' is the answer. 'In the week time it is good for nothing; it is profitable only on Sundays, when people go to mass. Young ladies give a little; young beaux with their eye-glasses, who go only to stare round, never give a penny, unless some belle is hanging on their arms, and then they bestow alms from sheer ostentation. But old women who come with their rosaries, have some conscience and consideration.'

'I am at St. Michael's church,' says another, 'and that is not good for much; but when blind Katy dies, who has an excellent station at the door leading into the burying ground, she has promised that I shall have it. For whenever a funeral enters, attended by the relations and heirs, the two pennies and four pennies are scattered thick, to purchase a little groaning and a few paternosters. Would you believe it? Blind Katy will leave her daughter eight hundred dollars, though upon condition of having a brave funeral for herself, with music and singing. Well, she cannot hold out long.'

Hereupon, at a little distance from me, a glass was smashed in pieces, a cripple and a blind man having

fallen into a quarrel. A young rogue with one arm, dashed in between them with a stool; the smell of the tobacco nearly stifled me; I picked myself up and hurried away. Life! Men! Ye have a purpose, and it must be fulfilled.

I will look into one more window, and that shall suffice; perhaps I may see something consoling. A pretty child here, stealthily runs before me, towards the house of my friend Louise. It is she! the kind, pleasant, blooming daughter of our waiting woman. She knows me, she speaks to me. She is intending to give her mother pleasure, and out of her savings has bought a new-year's present for her, of a new handkerchief and a Sunday cap. She had deposited the articles with a friend; now, while the old woman is sleeping, she privately slips out. She means to lay them on the table by her mother's bedside, that when she awakes she may have a joyful surprise. Pleasure beams from the pretty girl's countenance; she looks on me so cordially with her black eyes, that I can scarcely resist the impulse to give her an unwished for kiss. 'You are a good, pious daughter!' I call after her.

What torch-light gleams along the wide street? I hear, too, near at hand, grave, solemn tones. It is the Choristers, in long, black procession, marching with slow and measured step, and singing a mournful farewell hymn. The glare of the torches is flung high on the rows of houses, reflecting a yellow light; even the snowy sky is tinged. I stroll behind the procession, across the large market-place. The last tone dies away;

the singers form a circle, and — one — two — three — up to twelve, dings forth from the great clock on the city hall. The trumpet tones ring out from the steeples, every window is thrown open, and the whizzing glasses are shivered into splinters on the pavement. Crowds of men rush from the houses; they kiss, they embrace, and bring in the new year with loud huzzas; bells ring; trumpets blow; the choristers sing, 'Lord God, we praise thee;' fifty cannon thunder, and the fading echo of the old year becomes the first festal song of the new.

I pass still farther along the streets. On every side are songs of jubilee. I go by the wall of the church-yard once more; the door is open, and I look in. It was just as the bell was striking the last stroke; I lost my breath, and seemed to sink down upon a gravestone; a dark figure, scarcely visible, appeared to be walking up and down among the graves. It wore an apron in front, like a sower, from which it scattered seeds on both sides, sowing with full hands the harvest of the coming year. It approached me, and I asked in a trembling tone,

'Dread being, who art thou?'

'The angel of sleep. I am called death; but I am he who wakes up the germs of a new existence out of that which is dissolved and annihilated, while the wheel of time rushes on with the stream of being. Thou hast ventured, bold mortal, to spy into my mysterious doings — thou hast seen me sowing my seed, and tremble.' While he yet spoke, the earth and sky seemed to be whirling round me; spring, summer, winter seemed to come and go — a second Silvester night to arrive.

Again the clocks were striking; white and gray stood the city before me. Twelve o'clock tolled out from all the church towers; the trumpets brayed forth; the cannon roared; sounds of jubilee rose from the market. The figure aimed a blow at my head, under which I stumbled, as he pushed me out at the open church-yard door; I fell upon the stone pavement, wounded my head and — awoke!

‘Wake up, then,’ exclaimed a well-known flute-like voice. ‘Gracious heaven! What is this? Am I alive, then? Am I myself? Is it I?’ Here I am, sitting by my writing-table in the window; before me stands Leopoldine, the fair, roguish daughter of my landlord, laughing right in my face.

I gaze around with wide-stretched eyes. ‘Yes! this is my chamber — this is myself, and this is Poldine; tell me truly, sauce-box, I ask, how did I get here?’ A roar of laughter is the reply. ‘For heaven’s sake, Poldine, no mockery. Is Silvester night then, over? You —’

‘Silvester night,’ giggled out the little perversity, ‘I do believe that you are clean gone out of your wits.’

‘Yes indeed, Silvester night,’ I repeated with wildness, ‘I know what I am saying — we begin the year 1839, to-day. Though I may have been dreaming a long time, I know what I know.’

The little hussy looked at me for a time, half serious, half laughing. ‘The year ’39! Holy Mother! He is really turned fool!’

‘Zounds!’ I cried, and smote my hand on the table directly upon the edge of my pen-knife. ‘I am a

fool for talking to you, and letting myself be laughed at.'

'But do compose yourself,' said the alarmed girl, in a soothing tone. 'You fell asleep here yesterday, at the table, in your clothes, again; and the light burnt down entirely; mischief might have happened from your carelessness. And you have slept fourteen hours; it is now nine o'clock, and this is the first of April, 1840, for us *irrational* people; in *your* reckoning, to be sure, it may be different.'

'April, April,' I muttered; 'but can that be? and yet—you are really standing before me.'

'See then, for yourself,' insisted the little giddy-pate, and drew up the curtain.

'By my soul! It is spring abroad; the trees and meadows are green; some of the blossoms are opening their eyelids, and the larks are warbling in the blue sky. My good, truthful little Leopoldine, you are right,' cried I, like a mortified school-boy. 'But do say, what has happened to me?'

'Why, you fell asleep, and who knows what stupid nonsense you may have been dreaming of; for you behave now that you are awake, like a madman.'

'Stupid, mad,' repeated I to myself. The little damsel and I were on very familiar terms, and generally had some small quarrel on hand.

But while I still sate, dream-befuddled, sometimes looking at Leopoldine, and sometimes at the red-painted letters of '*April*,' in the almanac, and then again at my manuscripts, in came my friend Meier, and cried out,

'Do you know that the Turkish sultan is dead?'

'What of it?'

‘Caught, caught! April Fool!’ he roared, laughing, and Leopoldine laughed with him. ‘To-day is the first of April!’

This sensible remark completed my mortification.

L. O.

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

Three little words we often see,
Are Articles, *a*, *an* and *the*.

A Noun's the name of any thing,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand:
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done;
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump* or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell;
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun; as *in* or *through* a door.

The Interjection shows surprise:
As *oh!* how pretty, *ah!* how wise.

The whole are called nine Parts of Speech,
Which *Reading*, *Writing*, *Speaking* teach.

THE BROWNIES.

THE Brownie differs from the Elves, Fairies, and other "good people" in this, that he is a most helpful creature, doing ever so much work for those who treat him well. He lives alone, in the remote corners of some great old house. In the day time he keeps out of sight; but when all are asleep, he comes forth, and in the middle of the night his busy clatter may be heard, as he tends the mill, or churns the butter, or sweeps the rooms. Sometimes it seems they are willing to come forth and dwell with families they particularly favor, but they are very jealous, and anything that appears like a slight or an insult will send them away never to return. They are especially affronted at any offer of payment for their services, and always take it as a hint that they are no longer wanted. Nothing can be more industrious than they are. "It is told of a Brownie, that on a certain occasion he had undertaken to gather the sheep into the fold by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated upon his extraordinary success, he exclaimed, 'Confound thae wee* gray ones; they cost me mair trouble than all the lave† o' them.'"

When any one fell sick, and needed a doctor or nurse, the Brownie was always ready to go, and none could

* little.

† rest.

fetch them so quickly as he, as witness the following ballad* :

Thair livet ane man on norinsyde,
Whan Jamis held his ain,
He had ane may-len,† fair and wide,
And servants nyne or ten.

He had ane servant dwelling neir,
Worth all his mayds and men,
And wha was this, gin ye wad speir,
’T was the Brownie o’ Fearnden.

Whan thair was corn to threshe or dichte,
Or barn or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy hour at nicht,
Atween the twall and ane.

And tho’ the snaw was never sae deep,
And never so wet the rain,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie o’ Fearnden.

One stormy night, the “gudewife” was taken very sick, and there was no one who could go fetch the nurse for her, who lived a long way off. “But Brownie was na far away.” He understands their trouble ; so off he goes to the stable,

And up he mounts the riding mear,
And through the winde and raine,
And sune was at the skilly wife’s,
What livit ower the den.

* By Alexander Laing — from “The Book of Scottish Ballads.”

† farm.

He tells her his story, makes her mount behind him,
and hastens back.

They sune waur landit at the doors,
The wyfe he handit down;
"I've left the house but ae hauf hour;
I am a clever loun!"

"What maks your feet sae brade?" quo' she,
"What maks your een sae wan?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foot,
And unco sights I've seen.

"But mind the wyfe, and mind the wean,
And see that all gae right,
And I will take you hame agen
Before the mornying light.

"And gyn they speir wha brought you here,
Cause they were scant o' men,
E'en tell them that you rade ahint
The Brownie o' Fearnden."

In the next number there shall be another Brownie
poem.

W. P. A.

FABLES BY PESTALOZZI.

THE MUSHROOM AND THE GRASS.

THE mushroom said to the grass, "I spring up in one
moment, while thou must grow for a whole summer in
order to attain to what I am in an instant."

"Very true," replied the grass, "before I am worth

anything, thy perpetual worthlessness may spring up and perish hundreds of times."

THE STORM AND THE SNOW-FLAKE.

The storm tore here and there a branch off the trees, but when it ceased, there fell without a breath of wind, a snow whose little flakes broke thousands of branches to one which the storm had torn down.

THE BLUE SKY AND THE CLOUDS.

A peasant boy took umbrage at the clouds, and said to his father, "I wish they would not again cover the beautiful blue sky." And the father answered, "Poor child! what do you get from the fine blue sky? It is the grey clouds that bring us blessings."

THE OAK AND THE GRASS.

One morning the oak said to the grass which grew under its branches, "Thou art very ungrateful not to acknowledge the blessing thou enjoyest, of being covered from the frosts of winter with the leaves which I shake off in autumn."

But the grass replied, "Thou deprivest me with thy branches of my share of sun, dew and rain, and with thy roots of my portion of nourishment from the ground: boast not therefore of the almsgiving of thy foliage, with which thou art obliged for the sake of thy own roots to cover my lingering existence."

"NOT YET."

The waters rose higher and higher, and there was no hope for the village except by opening the dike which

protected the park and abandoning all the partridges and hares and deer to the fury of the waves.

The tenantry stood entreating their landlord. "Not yet," was his answer. The danger increased, and the people knelt down before him and cried, "We shall all perish with our wives and children unless you permit the dike to be cut open."

But the landlord loved the beasts in the park, and the people in the village he knew not. Their prayer therefore appeared to him a guilty indifference to the preservation of his park, and their kneeling before him a reprehensible importunity. He shook his head and said angrily, "Not yet," and once more "Not yet" was on his lips, when the dike broke and the waters filled the park and swallowed up both beast and man.

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS WATCH.

"If I set thee going thou wilt wear out, and in winding thee up I might overwind thee," said Christopher, to whom a watch had been bequeathed, and after mature reflection he concluded, "Thou hadst better stand still even at the risk of rusting."

TOBY THE DRAIN-DIGGER.

Toby having inherited a swampy farm, drained it well in all directions, but when the land was dry he cultivated it miserably. Yet he lived and died a great admirer of his skill in agriculture, of which he considered the art of draining a most essential branch.

BIRDS OR FLOWERS.

FANNY.

My choice, dear mother, did you say?
 And shall I have my choice to-day?
 Flow'rs, or birds, for me design'd!
 Oh, dearest mother, you are kind.
 I love them both; what shall I do?
 A foolish choice I soon shall rue.
 Cautious and wise I'll strive to be,
 And choose the gift that's best for me.

What's here? a tea-rose, I declare,
 And of a kind most sweet and rare;
 And with its crimson bells of pride,
 A nodding Fuchsia stands beside:
 A stately Calla, giraffe-like,
 A hyacinth with fragrant spike,
 And, queen of all, mine eye perceives
 Behind, with green and varnished leaves,
 And double blossoms snowy white,
 The proud Camellia, my delight!

Oh, mother dear, the plants for me;
 And yet, I'm hasty — let me see —
 That handsome cage is hung so high,
 What's in it I can hardly spy.
 Ah, now I see — Canaries too!
 A pair! alas, what shall I do?
 So pretty are they; can they sing?
 See that one plume his yellow wing;
 And what bright eyes! how sweet 'twould be
 Their little daily lives to see;
 To watch them when they wash and feed,
 Myself to give them drink and seed,

And hark ! oh ! what a loud clear note !
 How can it come from that small throat ?
 Oh, cousin Susan, come and see,
 And, if you please, decide for me.
 I am so puzzled which to choose,
 For neither can I bear to lose.
 I have most hope the plants would thrive,
 But then the birds are most alive ;
 At least I 'm sure they must have sense
 To feel the love I shall dispense.

You shake your head, you turn your eyes
 Towards those plants, and look so wise !
 Now tell me, cousin Susan dear,
 The birds you would not choose, I fear.

COUSIN SUSAN.

I think not, Fanny, just because
 I dare not cross kind Nature's laws.
 To tend those bright and graceful plants
 Would give them all their nature grants ;
 But strive to read your God's intent,
 And say, were birds for cages meant ?
 Can you their jailer bear to be,
 Nor long to set your pris'ners free ?
 To me the free and gentle breeze
 That whispers yonder 'mid the trees,
 Is sweeter than the clearest note
 From that poor fluttering songster's throat.
 In vain men say, "The bird's content" ;
 I only know, this was not meant.
 I read upon my own heart's page,
 God made the bird, man made the cage.

FANNY.

Mother, dear mother, hear my choice ;
 To work *with* Nature I rejoice ;

Thank you for all my happy hours
While I shall tend my lovely flowers;
Oh! could all jailer-hearts be stirred
By cousin Susan's gentle word!

L. J. H.

CLARA HOWARD'S NEW-YEAR'S DREAM.

"WHAT makes you so thoughtful, dear mother?" said little Charlie, as he laid his arms around his mother's neck, and raised his dark full eyes to hers. It was the last night in December, and Mrs. Morland was seated in her rocking-chair, lost in deep thought. She put her arms round the little questioner, and drew him fondly towards her. "If you like to hear me, my boy, I will tell you." An eager look and a bright smile testified the joy with which Charlie assented to this proposal.

"It was just such a night as this, dear Charlie, when little Clara Howard was sitting on a low stool, watching the fire, thoughtfully. Her mother, too, was near her, but for a long time neither of them had spoken. What could such a little girl be thinking of, so intently? They could not have been very happy thoughts, for, as she sat, the tears stole into her eyes, and trickled down her cheeks. At length she could no longer repress her emotion; she turned round, and throwing her arms upon her mother's lap, she buried her face in them, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Her mother bent tenderly over her, but she did not ask the cause of

her grief, for her own tears fell fast on the hair she was fondly stroking.

Clara Howard was nine years old; a gentle, loving child, whose heart had been bound up in a darling brother, three years younger than herself. They were the only children, and had been everything to each other. And now that beautiful, affectionate and well-beloved brother had left her; only a week before, God had taken him away; those eyes which had always looked kindly on her, were closed, and that voice which had so loved to speak her name, she could hear no more forever. Poor little Clara! no wonder her tears fell fast, as she thought of these things, and with how much pleasure he had looked forward to the day which was to follow this sad evening. Her tears were not those of self-reproach, for they had always been happy together, and she had loved little Arthur too well to be unkind to him. She had not that to repent of now; if she had, her sorrow would have been bitter indeed.

Her mother did not seek to check her tears, for she knew that childhood's grief must have utterance, and that it was useless to speak comfort to her child, till the violence of her emotion had subsided. By degree Clara's sobs ceased, and she became quieted. Then her mother said,

"My daughter, do you remember the last Sunday evening that your little brother was here, and we talked of God, of heaven and the holy angels? He liked much to hear about these things, and said it must be "so beautiful" to be an angel. He is one, now, dear Clara. God took him to himself, and made him a pure angel; for he knew how good he was, and loved him for it.

Arthur would have had trial and trouble if he had staid with us ; and though we loved him so much, we could not have made for him so happy a home as the one where he now lives with God. And though we cannot help grieving because we shall see him no more, we must try not to be selfish, but rejoice in his happiness."

Clara's tears had almost ceased, as she listened to her mother's words, and when she went on to tell her of the beauty of the heavenly home, and of the love of God and Jesus, the little girl raised her head, and looked earnestly in her mother's face, and a pleasant smile played round her mouth, while a tear still glistened on her cheek. She had never felt so near to heaven before.

The stars looked brighter than ever, that night, as Clara looked out upon them from her chamber window, and thought that perhaps her brother's spirit was roaming among them. As she laid her head on her pillow, she tried to feel glad that God had made him happy, and to forget her own grief in his joy. As she was thinking thus, a sweet sleep closed her weary eyes, but still the object of her day's musing came before her. A form of angel-beauty appeared by her bedside. Clara knew that beautiful face that bent so tenderly towards her ; her heart leapt with joy, when she heard the sweet tones and loving words of her little brother. For it *was* her brother ; with the same lovely, pure look he had always worn, only with an added expression of holiness. And when he spoke, they were the same sweet tones which had always been music to her ears.

"Clara," he said, "dearest sister, do not shed your tears for me. Oh ! if you knew the blessedness of my

life now, you would not for a moment wish me back again. I cannot tell you much about it now ; but God, our Heavenly Father, has sent me to calm your grief, and to beseech you to live so that you may come to me. My home is with God, with Christ and the holy angels, of whom our dear mother used to speak. My life is pure happiness, and I only long for you to come and live with me. But you will live in the world ; you will be tried and tempted as I never was ; and if you become perfect through it all, by pure faith, yours will be a high reward in the life above. Love God ; strive to do good unto all ; subdue your inward faults, and resist outward temptations ; love and obey those parents I loved so much ; say no idle words ; use your time as though every moment were the last ; live truly, purely, as a child of God, and you will be taken at last to your Father's house, to be blessed forever. The new-year has begun ; oh, pass its hours well ; let this year leave no trace of wrong behind it ; act so that, at its end, you will feel that you have improved. I shall be with you, even when you think sadly of my absence ; but mostly when your heart is true and good ; you will feel blessed with my presence."

The angel-form, with a look of tenderest affection, bent over her with a loving kiss ; and as Clara started forward to detain him, she saw her mother's kind face leaning towards her.

That was many years ago ; but Clara has never forgotten her darling brother, and that new-year's dream.

ANGEL CHILDREN. NO. V.

SHE lay upon her little bed,
While fever parched her frame,
And in her dreams she ever breathed
Her brother Willie's name.

She did not know that in his room
Dear little Willie lay,
Declining with the same disease
That wasted her away.

That even then Death's gentle touch
Had cooled his aching head,
And angels with celestial wings,
Were hovering round his bed.

That morning when the early sun
Awoke the sleeping flowers,
And birds poured forth their joyous songs
From fragrant dewy bowers,

She lifted up her languid eye
Which beamed with heavenly light,
While on her forehead pale and high
Rested a glory bright.

Sweet was the smile upon her lips,
The rose-tinge on her cheek,
And in a clear and happy tone
Her mother heard her speak.

"Look at the window, mother!
See! brother Willie's there,
With wings upoh his shoulders!
How beautiful they are!

"Oh wait a little while, Willie,
For I am coming too --
Stay but one moment longer,
And I will go with you!"

She turned away her happy face,
And closed her sparkling eyes,
Waiting for Death's soft angel wings
To bear her to the skies.

And peacefully her little hands
Were folded on her breast;
While, as the spirit soared away,
Her body sank to rest.

* * * * *

Oh brightly glowed their angel faces,
Sweetly rose their angel song,
As hand in hand to heavenly places,
Blest spirits guided them along.

F. E. H.

ON PEARLS.

[From "Gatherings by Young Hands."]

THE substance which is called pearl is in reality nothing more than a production which is caused by a disease of the fish, in whose shell the pearl is found. The shape of the pearl is generally round or oblong; but those which are not quite spherical are not nearly so valuable. Although they are found in many kinds of shell fish, the oyster is the fish from whose shell they are almost solely obtained; this species of oyster is called the pearl oyster, and its dimensions are much

greater than those of the common oyster, which is such an object of demand in Great Britain and other countries. The pearl oyster is chiefly found in that portion of the ocean which is situated between the southern extremity of India, and the Island of Ceylon; but it is also found in the Red Sea, and in some of the rivers of Tartary; and the pearls of Ormus have long been celebrated for their beauty and value. When the Portugese were in possession of Ceylon, they instituted a regular pearl fishery every year, which lasted for a fortnight at a time, beginning on the first of May; and by this obtained much wealth. These pearls were gathered from the bottom of the sea, by the natives, whom the Portugese employed for the purpose, and who are much more expert in diving for them, than the Europeans. To enable them to sink to the bottom of the water more rapidly, the divers attach to their feet, weights, from which they disengage themselves when they reach the place where the oysters are found, which is generally in large beds fastened to the rocks. The natives disengage these with a knife, which they also carry to defend themselves from sharks, or other monsters, which are common in the neighborhood. After they have obtained a quantity of oysters, they ascend again to the surface of the water, where they rest for about ten minutes, before they make another descent. Some divers will remain under the water for above five minutes; but of course it is the result of constant practice; and has a very injurious effect on their constitutions for they never live to a great age. When the oysters are all gathered, they are placed in a large heap in an exposed place so that the sun may rot away the fish inside; and this process is said to make the pearls more valuable.